

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/10605078) at
<http://download.archiveofourown.org/works/10605078>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/F
Fandom:	Overwatch (Video Game)
Relationship:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari/Angela "Mercy" Ziegler
Character:	Fareeha "Pharah" Amari , Angela "Mercy" Ziegler
Additional Tags:	Pharmercy , rocket angel , birdmoms - Freeform , 100 ways to say i love you
Series:	Part 3 of "I Love You" in Birdmom
Stats:	Published: 2017-04-12 Words: 622

I Think You're Beautiful

by [Lunari](#)

Summary

Extension of a prompt from 100 Ways to Say "I Love You" in Birdmom.

Angela is hard at work trying to perfect a solution to a growing problem, Fareeha is the supportive birdwife.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

The muttered curse echoed in the lab as yet another failed experiment made its way to the sanitation bay. She was so close to creating a negation solution she could nearly taste it. It would be a benefit for the Overwatch team in more way than one. The obvious one being it's use in freezing nanite usage in case of an overdose, misapplication or malpractice. The biggest and most frightening use would be to negate the nearly acidic nanite serums that were cropping up among their enemies. Such serums could eat through flesh and bone, rendering the body useless as it liquified muscle and tendons before ending in a painful and gruesome death. If Angela couldn't figure out a way to halt the disintegration, she might as well be sending them off in body bags.

She glanced to the right, eyes landing on a nearly empty vial of biotic acid. *One more.* She promised herself. *One more and then I'll rest up and try this with a fresh mind.* She nodded, ready to tackle her last experiment for the night and hopefully her last on this stage of the project at all.

Pushing off from her desk, she rolled across the floor to her coding computer. The bits of code nearly swam before her eyes, losing focus from lack of sleep and a proper meal, but she gave her head a firm shake and continued on with a stubborn set to her jaw. After a few altering tweaks to the code, she flipped a switch and watched as the machine that dominated a wall of her lab filled a vial with a white, luminescent liquid.

The doctor pulled the vial from the chamber and stood, stretching out stiff legs as she made her way back to the last of her biotic solution. This was it. If she were successful, the acid should neutralize. She withdrew a syringe of the newly made nanites and decompressed it over the vial with a steadying breath.

The moment the nanites touched the acid, her world imploded.

Angela came to seconds or hours after the accident and immediately the memories came flooding back and she pulled herself across the floor to her lab's incident kit. She reached up a shaking hand and dislodged the box, dropping it to the floor so she could begin rifling through it for the nanite dispenser. Once she'd injected herself with her first aid nanites she sat back against the wall to catch her breath and steady her vision. She'd need every bit of focus for the upcoming appraisal of the damage and it's mending.

Angela stood in shock, staring at the mirror. More specifically, the deep scarring running from her ear to her collarbone. *At least the flight suit will cover it, so no scaring civilians.* She groused to herself. The mechanical hiss of her door opening was the only warning she had before Fareeha stepped into the room. The blonde's hand shot to her neck, not wanting the first thing her lover saw of her in three weeks be scarring from a lab malfunction.

One look at the newcomer's face and Angela knew she'd already seen. Angela's lip began to tremble and she bit down on it as if punishing it for stepping out of line.

The pilot gave the woman a knowing look, reading every fear and worry that flashed across Angela's face. Fareeha walked over and levered Angela's hand away from her scar, warm and tanned hand replacing the doctor's. The pilot gave a loving stroke to the scar tissue with her thumb before using her soft grip to pull Angela into a kiss. She pressed their foreheads together once the kiss was ended.

"I think you're beautiful."

End Notes

If you'd like to read the original behemoth this fic is from, please check it out here:
<http://archiveofourown.org/works/10394775>

If you'd like to suggest your own extension, see prompt 100 of 100 Ways to Say "I Love You" in Birdmom.

Thank you for reading!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!